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VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, AUGUST 6, 1903. NUMBER 22

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UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1903. NUMBER 22

The *Congregationalist* rejoices in the "Minute man" in the pulpit, which, in its estimation, is the man who brings his gospel down to date, who is striving to bring his religion into vital connection with the life of the world.

Wilhelmina, the gracious Queen of Holland, in thanking Andrew Carnegie for the Palace of Peace which he is rearing, says: "The Netherlands considers itself the guardian of the idea of peace, which it was the aim of The Hague conference to see fulfilled." When one sees how much a woman can do for peace and progress on a throne one grows more weary than ever of the limp and lazy life of most of those who wear crowns.

The additional letters of Charles Darwin, recently published in two volumes, contain an appendix in the way of a general index extending over one hundred and twenty columns. However interesting the "Life and Letters" may be, which now fill four goodly volumes, this index is still more valuable as it is more revealing of the mighty diligence of a man whose life was not distracted by selfish aims or side issues. "Single mindedness" is the key to his achievements. It is a measure of faithfulness and of efficiency everywhere. In education and culture as elsewhere, one cannot serve two masters. The teacher and the preacher must not be distracted by side concerns and self-seeking ambitions.

Much has been said concerning the chaotic character of labor unions and their lack of proper leadership, but the story of P. M. Arthur, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which has been so suddenly and sadly closed, is a prophecy of what is to come. He was a man who averted more strikes than he championed; did much towards enforcing temperance among the men; commanded the respect of those who assumed antagonism of interests to the labor union. He rose to his position from the blacksmith shop and warrants the expectation indicated above. John Mitchell and P. M. Arthur show what labor unions may do and are doing in the way of developing manliness, creating efficiency.

That was a tribute as high as it is rare that Dr. J. L. Hefferan of Syracuse was able to pay to his Pastor, Dr. Calthrop, of the Unitarian Church of that city, at the thirty-fifth anniversary of his settlement. After having called attention to the wondrous advance of science during these thirty-five years, he said:

"Our Pastor has been an intelligent and accurate observer of all this. He has enthroned ever the light of truth. By mastering the technicalities of telescope, spectrum and microscope, he has been able to repeat the observations of original investigators and to demonstrate that truth for himself and for all his people who found interest in such subjects. With a trained mind and skilled in the use of the geologist's hammer and the analytic methods of the botanist, he has investigated the records of the rocks and the flora and the fauna of this region of our earth and has taken delight in sharing all of the wondrous revelations with us."

This is high praise, and the best of it is, it is true, as all those who have come under the spell of Dr. Calthrop's mind well know. But few ministers are gifted with the powers of Dr. Calthrop, but the ministers can profit by his method and reach after his diligence, openness and prophetic expectation of better things to come.

We fear that the *Woman's Journal*, which is generally right, was a little too far away from its subject to speak advisedly of the Chicago Board of Education, when in a recent issue it spoke of it as being "largely controlled by great corporations." This body may move slowly; all bodies that are close to great responsibilities are apt to. It doubtless has made mistakes, but from close study of this body for the last quarter of a century we venture to resent this implication. We believe that never in the history of Chicago was this Board freer from the domination of corporations than now. The city owes much to the agitations of Miss Haley and Miss Goggin, as indicated in the article in question, but such an acknowledgment does not prevent many of the citizens of Chicago who share in this gratefulness and are in full sympathy with their main contention from looking with apprehension upon certain tendencies to enlist the public school teacher in a class agitation and to identify these guardians of public intelligence with labor guilds whose chief aim is to defend their own interests and to increase the pay for and reduce the quantity of their own labor. School teaching is not a trade; it is a profession; and school mistresses do not represent laboring men nor yet capitalists. They represent the interests of the whole community, and it is an ill omen for our public schools when our school teachers in their corporate life foster the class spirit and generate class prejudices and class enthusiasms. The woman school teacher does not yet in many places receive her dues, but for the cause's sake as well as for her own, she had better suffer it so to be for a while than to descend herself from the high vantage grounds of disinterestedness and public spirit. Though all the rest of the world be sordid, let our school houses foster public spirit by practising it as well as by teaching it.

SHAME TO THE CHAUTAUQUAS!

UNITY has often rejoiced in the triumph of the Chautauqua movement. We believe in its educational value. It deserves to be regarded as the great People's College of America. We have rejoiced in its water side privileges, the sanity of the out-of-door religion which it represents.

But it, like the theater, the lyceum platform, the concert, the opera and the church itself, is fast falling under the blight of the commercialism that is the menace of our day. The growing elaborateness of the program, the costliness of the outfit, necessitate the study of its interests from the standpoint of the gate-keeper.

The program must "draw." The "crowd" must be reached at all hazards, so the numbers must be shaped, not in the interest of calm culture, of high wisdom, least of all in the interest of the modest, quiet, inreaching promptings of the spiritual life.

And so the ethical gymnast, the political mountebank, the yelling orator, the screaming soprano, and the intellectual contortionist have come more and more into favor at these lakeside resorts, making of them, in so far as they yield to these sensational methods, centers of demoralization to the public mind, feverish camps of excitement which destroy rather than cultivate the appetite for serene nature, scientific investigation and high communions with poets and prophets.

This sensationalism has this year reached its climax in a series of "debates" arranged for by a circuit of western Chautauquas and waterside assemblies, between "Pitchfork" Tillman of South Carolina and a Kansas "senator," who is advertised as a "professional elocutionist," a man "who has taught oratory." These two champions are pitted one against the other on the Negro problem and all the country is summoned to come and hear, no matter how much partisan feeling may be generated. No matter how the judicial poise of the mind be disturbed, as it always is by such "debates." For when a question is reduced to two sides, a *pro* and a *con*, it ceases to be a real question, only so the man at the gate be kept busy.

Of course these "debates" are "great successes." Special trains bring in the morning idle crowds to see the show. They carry back in the evening embittered and excited disputants, each one finding the prejudices of the morning confirmed by the rhetoric of his or her particular champion.

The Chautauqua movement began as a religious movement. It is still in the main solicitous for its orthodoxy. It is all the more deplorable that it should throw the sanctity of religion over this kind of demoralizing financiering. Men and women who are shocked at profanity in private speech, who hate tippling and regard dueling as a relic of barbarism, encourage if they do not sanction all these on the platform whose respectability is guaranteed by the Chautauqua movement. One of these recent "bouts" was reported in a great daily with flaming headlines as follows:

"TILLMAN'S HOT TALK!"

"HE BIDS DEFIANCE TO NEGRO DEFENDERS!"

"DENIES EQUALITY OF MAN!"

"KANSAS STATESMAN SAYS BLACKS WERE TAUGHT EVIL WAYS BY THEIR WHITE MASTERS!"

In the text the "yawp" of the South Carolinian was reported with the information that it was "applauded by eight thousand people; applauded not for what he said, but for his nerve in saying it." It does not take much nerve to talk for a hundred dollars an hour under auspices that engage the speaker because he is to shock and defy and consequently "draw." As might be expected, this man declares that the "Fifteenth Amendment must be wiped out;" that the "war would be going on to this day if the South had understood what was coming." He denied the equality of man; said that "Jefferson did not know what he was talking about;" that "the white man is to govern," and "we intend to do it." The speech of the Kansas Senator was meagerly reported in the columns of this northern newspaper, in sympathy with his position, because, presumably, he was not as "hot" in his rhetoric and could not keep up with this shouting spell-binder from Carolina.

We are not now discussing the merits of the question. We condemn not the arguments of either party, but the methods. We deplore the debauching of the public mind by these mob methods in consideration of twenty-five cents per head gate-money.

This loud-mouthed agitation is already bearing its fell fruit. It is allied to the lynching barbarities and is hastening the violence of a race war that will bring untold miseries and unspeakable shame, if not promptly counteracted. The sensational reports of unspeakable crimes, atrocious burnings and the wild rhetoric that gather around them, are hardening the hearts, deadening the sensibilities and blurring the intellects of the boys and girls of America. Little children are forgetting their Sunday-school lessons of charity for the unfortunate, of justice to the down-trodden, and the sanctity of all life, from these inflammatory appeals to race prejudices and justification of the "rule of the strong." Such meetings as these, though held under the sanction of the Chautauqua movement, are recruiting stations for the army of lynchers, they inflame the passions, they incite the mob and direct their brutal executions. Let Chautauqua managers look to it. Let them heed the warning recently given by Professor James, the leading psychologist of our country, in the columns of the *Springfield Republican*.

He says that this negro lynching is not "a transient contagion soon to exhaust itself. On the contrary, it is a profound social disease spreading like a forest fire, certain to become permanently endemic in every corner of our country, North and South, unless heroic remedies are swiftly adopted to check it. * * * The North is already almost as fully inoculated as the South, and the young white American is being educated everywhere with appalling rapidity to understand that any negro accused of crime is public spoil, to be played with as long as the fun will last. * * * The average church-going civilizee realizes, one may say, absolutely nothing of the deeper currents of human nature or of the aboriginal capacity for murderous excitement which lies sleeping even in his own bosom. * * * There is nothing now in sight to check the spread of an epidemic far more virulent than cholera. Nothing short of speedy legislative enactments and fearless execution of the same will check the epidemic in the slightest degree. * * * We shall have negro burnings in a very few years on Cambridge Common and the Boston Public Garden."

All this is more deplorable because, as regards the negro, the real facts in the case warrant no such spiritual violence or ethical contortions. The *Chattanooga*

Times, a southern paper, speaks the sober truth when it says, "There is a large body of intelligent, faithful, hard working, industrious men of the negro race at their homes working with their hands, improving their conditions, making it possible in the end to solve the race problem without rioting and bloodshed."

A writer in the *Atlanta Constitution*, another southern paper, says, "The negroes in the state of Georgia gained in the seven years from 1895 to 1902 in land holdings 136,467 acres; in city and town property, $47,356; in personal property, $365,847 (omitting other items), a total gain of $2,247,239."

In short, there is nothing to be alarmed at in the situation except the alarming revival of indifference on the part of the church, passion on the part of the reckless hater of race, and cupidity on the part of politicians, legislators and churches.

Let our Chautauquas return to their sanity. Give the people sense, and if that commodity does not pay expenses, let them lock their gates and go out of the business of summer entertainments. Better that the young men and women be allowed to stay at home on the farm in their sweated clothes than that they should be lured away to these tournaments that confirm their prejudices, debauch their judgments and harden their hearts against the mild demands of reason, the modesty of those who are awaiting further light concerning the ways of God to man and the duties of man to man.

"Aunt Mary."*

July 13, 1903.

That was a funeral service of unusual quality and interest held in Unity Chapel, Hillside, Wisconsin, on the warm breezy forenoon of July 15. Mary (Lloyd Jones) Phillip has lived for more than 40 years at "Hilltop," one of the higher ascents in the region of hill and vale, where the homes of seven brothers and sisters nestle in the valley below. An older sister in a family of ten children, she took the mother's place when the strength of the Little Mother waned. "Aunt Mary" was the appellation which a numerous progeny of boys and girls bestowed upon her as they came upon the scene in the third generation, but as "Aunt Mary" she was also known throughout and beyond the valley in many of the surrounding townships and communities. Mother of three daughters, like the women of old she prayed for a man child. The prayer was denied from above, but the strong soul, the religious soul, knows how to answer its own prayers. There were homeless boys in the crowded cities, and several of these Aunt Mary took into her own home, maturing and training them to manhood. "Sonless mother of motherless sons!" said the brother-preacher, who stood in the desk to say the last words. In addition to this voluntary enlargement of home cares, "Aunt Mary" was the friend and adviser in every other home, the most dependable neighbor and guest. Often she performed the offices of doctor and priest.

Death struggled long and cruelly against her before he won her, and his triumph was a blessed release when it came. Natures so stanch and firmly bedded in their native strength and integrity yield themselves inch by inch to this last enemy and friend. "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," was the minister's text, who spoke of the ministering power of pain, the soul-growth won through the daily performance of humble but arduous tasks.

C. P. W.

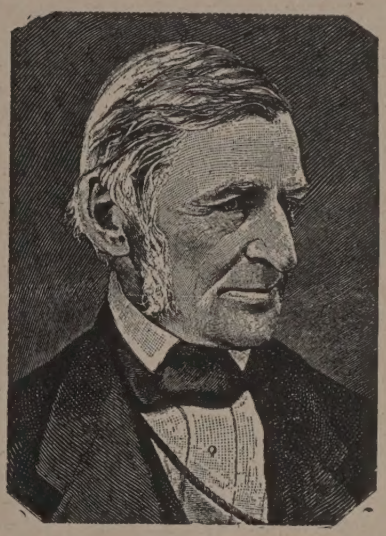
Tower Hill, Wis.

*Owing to certain embarrassing typographical mistakes, which marred this article in our last week's issue, it is here inserted again in the corrected form.

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



(Copyright.)

XI.

Emerson.

Pleased, I recall those hours, so fair and free,
When all the long forenoons we two did toss
From lip to lip, in lively colloquy,
Plato, Plotinus, or famed schoolman's gloss,
Disporting in rapt thought and ecstacy.
Then by the tilting rail Millbrook we cross,
And sally through the fields of Walden wave,
Plunging within the cove, or swimming o'er;
Through woodpaths wending, he with gesture quick
Rhymes deftly in mid-air with circling stick,
Skims the smooth pebbles from the leafy shore,
Or deeper ripples raises as we lave;
Nor slum'brous pillow touches at late night,
Till converse with the stars his eyes invite.

—Amos Bronson Alcott.

Harvard University's Distrust of Her Most Favored Son.

Frank B. Sanborn, at his recent address at the Emerson Memorial meeting at Concord, Mass., said in part:

"In the endurance of long neglect and aversion, Emerson only followed the experience of all grand leaders of thought. To be great is to be misunderstood by those who stand near. Emerson had counted the cost of his bold venture when he left the traditional pulpit of his ancestors, and appealed to the public at large, outside of churches and colleges. He knew what awaits the advanced believer, and said in his essay on Montaigne: 'Great believers are always reckoned infidels, impracticable, fantastic, atheistic, or really persons of no account. Presently, the unbeliever, for love of belief, burns the believer.'

"This did not happen to Emerson, because burning heretics had gone out of fashion; but the unbelievers sent him to Coventry, as they thought. They woke up after a generation, and found themselves there. In their dreams, meanwhile, they had been worshiping

all sorts of false gods, and crowning with laurel any number of blockheads.

"Harvard University, the alma mater of Emerson, singularly mischose the objects on which it turned its eyes and its candelabra, after it found Emerson setting up as a thinker for himself. Until 1838 it had a certain pride in him as a son who might do it credit; asked him to read a Phi Beta poem in 1834, and to give an oration in 1837; but there it stopped, and became an unjust stepmother for the next 30 years.

"Emerson stood by his colors, and after many years the mob opposed to him gave way. But they kept up the attack as long as they could. The two mouthpieces of Harvard at that period were the *North American Review,* always edited by a college professor, and the *'Respectable Daily,'* whose owner was a kinsman of Edward Everett, then President of Harvard University. I have cursorily glanced through the quarterly, for 20 years, and cannot find that it ever reviewed, or otherwise noticed, Emerson's 'Nature' of 1836.

" 'Nor did the *North American* pay any heed to the essays as they came out, nor to the reprint of "Nature" in 1849. But in April, 1847, after sharpening his tusks on the novel of 'Margaret' and George Eliot's translation of Strauss, the rejector of pearls in the *North American* (afterward my college professor in what Harvard was then pleased to call "Philosophy") rent and chewed up Emerson's "Poems" which had come out the winter before.

"In September, 1856, when Emerson made his indignant plea for freedom in Kansas, not a half-dozen of the instructors of youth were there to hear and second him in the village of Cambridge. Harvard students had hissed him in Cambridge five years before; this time they merely stayed away. About the time when Webster made his grand recantation of the free doctrines he once professed (March, 1850), the university as a whole, or symbolical person, went into the fabled enchantment of Nebuchadnezzar in Daniel; it had swelled with its Babylonian conceit of itself, and turned itself out to grass:

"Emerson has won by his writings a more desirable reputation than any other man of letters in America has yet attained. It is not the reputation which brings him money or academic honors, or membership in learned societies; nor does it appear conspicuously in literary journals as yet. But he has a high place among thinking men on both sides of the water; no man who writes the English tongue has now so much influence in forming the opinions and character of young men and women. His audience steadily increased at home and abroad—more rapidly in England than America.

"Few persons now venture or desire to speak of Emerson as their fathers and grandfathers did in the years before the flood, which with us is the civil war. The grazing years of Nebuchadnezzar have done wonders; and some may think me rude to remind my alma mater of what a mess she was making of literature and politics when I first came into her nursery. I know my debt to her, and Emerson knew his; but the truth is worth telling in these days when professors write histories of literature without knowing its annals."

Some Thoughts About the Negro.

My earliest recollections are connected with a large city. There were rows upon rows of houses, each with stone steps leading up from the side walk in the same curving way. The things that attract and impress a child are legion; and among the many interesting and remarkable experiences of the first three or four years of my life was going, every day, it seems, although perhaps it was only once a week, to a curious high structure, which was reached by climbing innumerable steps, which steps were filled, absolutely black, with colored people, as was the curb stone in front for at least the distance of a block. There were a good many old men and many women, with white or red kerchiefs arranged in turban fashion, on the head, but the most were children, of all sizes and various degrees of nakedness. I recall that my nurse, who was my escort, always put pennies into my hand just before we reached our destination, and these I obediently dropped into the hats of the men, the laps of the women, or the outstretched hands of the children—not without secret pangs, for I would rather have saved them for the organ grinder's monkey that furnished such delightful entertainment on our pavement at frequent intervals. But the proper thanks and blessings called forth by my reluctant charity gave me a certain sense of importance, and I was reasonably sure too that more pennies would be forthcoming for the next visit of my friend the organ grinder. I recall that nurse generally carried a parcel in her arm, containing I knew not what, that was always left at this place, and that she held numerous conversations with a slender lady who wore two curls over each ear and often gave her paper money. I had not the remotest idea why we made these pilgrimages, or what was the meaning of those crowds of black people. A child takes things very much as they come. In a world where all is fresh and new, one phenomenon is little more important than another. I have latterly come to the conclusion that the place where we were so often was the office of the Freedmen's Bureau in Washington; that those hundreds of negro men, women and children were helpless ex-slaves, whom the government was trying to aid in getting started towards self-support; and that the lady with curls was Josephine Griffing, the Secretary of the Bureau. The parcels carried by my nurse were doubtless clothing and food for those unfortunates, and the money which she gave Mrs. Griffing was probably carefully laid by out of her weekly wages for this cause that appealed to so many philanthropic souls throughout the land.

For nearly three hundred years the negro has been an object of interest and concern to the people of this country. No other event in our history has been followed by such dire results as the landing of that Dutch vessel in 1619 with a few Africans on board.

Although the story of the negro up to the Revolutionary war is a melancholy one, the history of every colony being marked by his bleeding feet, yet the picture is occasionally relieved by pleasing features, such as the account of Phyllis Wheatley, who, brought from Africa a naked child and sold in the Boston slave market, developed into a poet, was the object of complimentary notice by George Washington, and created a furore in London; of Crispus Attucks and Peter Salem, who played such honorable parts, the one in the Boston Massacre and the other at the Battle of Bunker Hill. To read of these and numerous others is refreshing in a way, although it only makes more impressive the prevailing blackness of the picture. But if the story is a sad one in the 17th and 18th centuries, as all stories of slavery are, it is mildly harrowing in comparison with the account of the Negro in the 19th century.

The slaves of 1619 had grown to nearly 900,000 in 1800. When emancipation came there were almost four and a half millions, and today there are some ten million negroes. It is not my purpose to deal with the subject of slavery except as it forces itself upon our attention as the condition precedent and the cause of the situation that now confronts us. Two centuries and a half of bondage, of enforced ignorance in the midst of knowledge, of immorality and soul repression, have had their natural and inevitable results. The effect has been disastrous on white as well as black. Yet

the course pursued was the only possible one if slavery was to be maintained. The position of his master must become more and more insecure with every ray of learning that penetrated the black man's mind. Slavery and intelligence are impossible consorts. Nat Turner was a preacher. No wonder that after 1830 laws were enacted whereby a negro who undertook to preach the gospel should receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back for each offense. This was modified in some places, so that if he had the written permission of his master he might preach to negroes in his immediate neighborhood, *provided* six respectable white men, *owners of slaves,* were present. A curious and characteristic instance of Southern logic is the fact that although slave-holders have always asserted their belief in the incapacity of the Negro to acquire knowledge, they have kept advertising their lack of faith in this assertion by making laws to keep him in ignorance.

It is said that the negro by nature is prone to unchastity. Is it any wonder that his conception of and respect for the family relation is not the highest, when for 250 years women did not own their own bodies, and children were sold away from parents as if they had been cattle? Every mulatto, quadroon, etc., is a publication to the world of the brutality and licentiousness of white men. It is we who must blush, for those who are responsible for this state of things are members of our race. It is true that the negro in Africa sold people of his own color, though almost never of his own tribe, to the slave-trader; but it was left for the Anglo-Saxon to sell his own children into bondage.

All this has passed, but the results remain, and we have them to deal with. At the close of the civil war, when more than four million blacks were suddenly changed from chattels to a state of freedom, it was recognized by the government and by people generally that something must be done for these wards of the nation. Plans of education were at once formed and put into practice. An interesting picture of one of these first schools is given in Edward Everett Hale's story, "Mrs. Merriam's Scholars," and another in Tourgee's "Bricks Without Straw." Of course the instruction was most rudimentary, for they were all beginners, young and old together. The same class must contain the man of 60 and the child of 6, and the child of 6 was doubtless the first to pass into the grade next higher.

A great deal of blame has attached, particularly in recent years, to those legislators who conferred on the Negro the right of suffrage. They had a very vexed question to deal with, and it has never been claimed, I believe, that the Pope's prerogative of infallibility had been conferred upon them. One of the first questions that arose after the war was as to the right of the Negro to testify in courts of justice. In the days of slavery "a master might take his slave with him when he committed murder or did any other unlawful act, and that slave was like the mute eunuch of the seraglio, silent and voiceless before the law." After the war, the Southern white man was as much outraged at the idea of a negro's testimony being taken in cases in which white men were involved (thus putting the Negro on an "equality" with him) as he is today at his dining with the President or handing out the mail to white people. He was just as furious at the thought of selling land, horses and mules to negroes. It was an *insult* to the white man for a negro to own a horse or a mule, just as it is now in the South for him to walk on the side walk or sit in the presence of white people. . . While I can appreciate the cause of the white man's intolerance, his process of mind is after all as impossible for me to follow and grasp as is that of the woman who sits beside me on the street car wearing rubber side combs set with huge diamonds. To her they are beautiful, and I am content to have it so. The mental attitude of those New Orleans women who recently wrapped the skirts of their own exclusiveness about them and refused to affiliate with Northern delegates because the latter would not expel the African Woman's League from their organization is as foreign to me as that of the woman on the street car; but I cannot be so placid at their restricted view. I can see how a community builded on slavery, as the South was, may still be dominated to a certain extent by ideas which were a part of that institution and necessary to its protection and development. And I can see how an unsuccessful war, in which they lost almost everything, must have intensified those ideas in which pride, arrogance and race hatred played so large a part. I can see, too, how the women down there may be less tolerant than the men. Added to the fact that woman is by nature less judicial and more biased by petty considerations, is the other fact that the cohabitation of white men with black women must have been exceedingly distasteful to white wives. What I fail utterly to comprehend is their evident expectation that those who have received a broader training and breathed a less tainted air for generations should at once descend to their platform and see through their spectacles.

Those members of Congress who after long consideration at length granted the ballot to the negro knew how ignorant he was. They knew that he could not be educated in a day nor in a generation. They also appreciated his helplessness and the bitter prejudice of his former master. They canvassed several possible courses that might be taken. If the South had then been willing to accept any sort of half way measures, looking to the *ultimate* en-franchisement of the negro, the difficulty might have been solved in that way. But such propositions were met with ridicule and utter repudiation. They still seemed bent on rule or ruin. George W. Williams, a negro who has written in two octavo volumes a history of his race in America, says that the mistake of reconstruction was two-fold; on the part of the government in committing the destinies of the Southern states to *hands so feeble,* and on the part of the South in that its best men, instead of interesting themselves actively in rebuilding the governments they had torn down, allowed them to be constructed with untempered mortar.

It would seem, to one who lays claim to only the smallest modicum of wisdom on this great subject, that some sort of educational test might better have been agreed on, that would have excluded an immense mass of ignorant white voters as well as the great majority of negroes, and might have been a stimulant towards acquiring knowledge on the part of both. I can see how Congress may have been actuated in part by considerations of gratitude. In two wars the negro had fought valiantly for this government. His part in the Revolution was a very honorable one, and it certainly seemed ungracious that those who had helped to establish our liberties should be remanded to slavery at that time. Yet such was their fate. Then, on the breaking out of the Civil War, a war for the Union, and not against slavery, when negroes all over the North hastened to offer their services as soldiers, their action was considered a piece of insolence by many, and they were refused the right to aid in putting down the rebellion. They were told that it was "a white man's war." General Benjamin F. Butler has the honor of having put in the entering wedge that was destined to open the way for the colored man to perform his part in saving the Union he had helped to establish. While General Butler was in command of Fortress Monroe, in May, 1861, three slaves made their escape to his lines. They said they were the property of Colonel Mallory, of the Confederate forces, and

were about to be sent to the North Carolina sea-board to work on rebel fortifications. General Butler at once called them "contraband of war," and set them at work, as he did others who followed. His course was approved at Washington. But at least twenty of our generals did not agree with General Butler and felt it their duty to return run-aways, even after the passage by Congress of the "Act to Confiscate Property Used for Insurrectionary Purposes." In a short while there were 200,000 negroes in the employ of the Union armies as servants, teamsters, cooks and laborers. They did fatigue duty in every department. "Wherever a negro appeared with a shovel in his hand, a white soldier took his gun and returned to the ranks." The South was first to employ negroes as soldiers, as it had been the British in the Revolution who set us the example. We have ample testimony to their soldierly capacity. Colonel Higginson found them especially apt for drill, because of their imitativeness and love of music. He dwells on their docility in discipline, when their confidence was gained, and their enthusiasm for the cause. He credits them with an inherent dash and fire, and says their obedience was perfect; that they never used their own discretion, added nothing to and subtracted nothing from their orders, did not try to read between the lines, but just *obeyed*, the first requisite in a soldier. They were paid only ten dollars a month and had to clothe themselves, while the white soldier received thirteen dollars and his clothes. Hooted at and sometimes stoned in the North as they marched to the front, they of course received no mercy if captured by the enemy. There was even then a narrow prejudice that was offended at sight of a black man in blue coat and brass buttons; it looked too much like "equality" for him to wear a Union uniform. Yet they poured in to the recruiting offices as if they knew that they were going to their long-coveted freedom; and this in spite of constant disclaimers by the government that slavery was to be interfered with.

But they were freed, and with the view of protecting them in their freedom they were armed with the ballot. I cannot believe that this is to be taken away from them through any "grandfather" legislation or similar injustice, although it may through an educational qualification be denied to ignorant blacks and whites. The negro's political privileges may be reduced by reason of illiteracy, provided the same rule is applied to whites of the same class. No less equitable solution can ultimately prevail, because as *Sojourner Truth* said, "God is not dead," and nothing is ever finally settled until it is settled right. We must bear in mind that any curtailment of the negro's right to vote is really an assault upon the liberty of the white man also; because our rights and liberties are all unsafe unless there is that widespread regard for law which secures to the humblest citizen the free enjoyment of every privilege which the law conveys.

So much is said nowadays about the negro that one is simply forced to look into the subject and to speculate upon the meaning and possible outcome of all this talk. We are confronted not only by a condition, but by many theories. Booker T. Washington and others are urging industrial training as the prime factor that is to work out the elevation of the race. For whatever progress has been made, and it is marvelous how much has been accomplished in less than forty years, the great mass of negroes are still not very far above the level in which slavery left them. "For nearly twenty years after the war," says Mr. Washington, "except in one or two cases the value of the industrial training given by the negroes' former masters on the plantations and elsewhere was overlooked. Negro men and women were educated in literature, mathematics and the sciences, with no thought of what had taken place on these plantations for two and a half centuries. After twenty years, those who were trained as mechanics, etc., during slavery began to disappear by death, and gradually we awoke to the fact that we had no one to take their places. We had trained scores of young men in Greek, but few in carpentry, or mechanical or architectural drawing; we had trained many in Latin, but almost none as engineers, bridge builders and machinists." Booker T. Washington would not educate the negro *solely* in the direction of manual training, but his contention is that whereas education increases our individual wants, it is wrong to multiply the wants of the black youth by mental development without at the same time increasing his ability to supply these wants along the lines at which he can find employment.

Prof. DuBois, of Atlanta University, who has also thought and written a great deal about his people, in a book recently issued, entitled "Souls of Black Folk," criticises Mr. Washington because he says the lattter asks the negro to give up, for the present, political power, insistence on civil rights, and higher education, and lend his energies to industrial training, the accummulation of wealth, and the conciliation of the South. Prof. DuBois says: "This policy has been courageously and insistently advocated for fifteen years; and has been triumphant for ten years. As a result of this tender of the palm branch, what has been the return? In these years have occurred the disfranchisement of the negro, the legal creation of a distinct status of civil inferiority for the negro, and the steady withdrawal of aid from institutions for the higher training of the negro."

Prof. DuBois, of course, does not insist that those unhappy conditions are directly due to Mr. Washington's propaganda, but that it has helped to bring them about, and he makes a brilliant plea for the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and for the higher training of the brighter minds among his people. Both these were are sincere, and both are doing vast good. The Atlanta University publications, examining the Negro question in a scientific and unprejudiced spirit, have great weight and value. And it is natural perhaps that the scholar, the literary man, like Prof. DuBois, should misunderstand, or at least fail to sympathize with the eager practical teachings of Booker T. Washington. But I do not understand that Mr. Washington would *limit* the negro to manual pursuits or that he advocates a permanent state of civil and political nonentity; he only insists that for at time the negro should lay stress upon certain practical and easily attainable lines.

A great deal of *folderol* is talked concerning "equality." A striking example of this is found in that extravagant but popular story called "The Leopard's Spots." Much is said there about "forcing social equality"—as if such a thing were possible. The writer insists that political equality means social equality, because "you can't ask a man to vote for you, and kick him down your front steps and tell him to come around the back way." I should think that the devotee of kicking and such manifestations of superiority would not be the best calculated to win votes; nor should I consider it a difficult matter for him to maintain a social aloofness from the better element in any civilized community.

No legislative enactments can make a man the equal of another man, any more than they can make him sober or intelligent. But the negro's black skin does not change his human nature nor deprive him of certain inalienable rights. Domestic matters may safely be allowed to regulate themselves. If we do not care to invite the negro to our dining room and our reception, let us not deprive him of accommodation in public places, equal privileges on railroads, etc. Personally, I have no objection to breaking bread with an in-

telligent, clean colored person if occasion presents itself. I should not think of declining an invitation to dine with Booker T. Washington. But I would not force any one to follow my example.

I am strongly inclined to agree with Mr. Sledd when he asserts in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that "the radical difficulty, after all, is not with the negro, but with the white man! So long as the negro is popularly regarded and dealt with as he is today, his problem will remain unsolved, and any views as to its solution or 'passing' under present conditions are optimistic in the extreme." It seems to me, in conclusion that two things are posible and should be striven for: (1) The education of the negro—manual training and the higher education too, where he is fitted for it, with the arousing of the white people, South and North, to fresh endeavers to aid in this work, and (2) the education of white people, not only the 3,900,000 illiterate whites of the northern states, but also a broadening of the horizon and a quickening of the moral sense among whites, north and south, so that they may be able to face the restriction with calmness and sanity, and not become hysterical over any bugbear such as has taken such sad possession of the author of "The Leopard's Spots." GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

Irvington, Indiana.

The Irish literary revival has been of late catching the interest of the American public. Last month, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, three of Mr. W. B. Yeats' Irish plays were performed at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York. The *Evening Post* styled the performance "something entirely out of the common run," and went on to say that "it was animated by a purposeful and intelligent spirit, and it appeals strongly, if not effectively, to the literary, artistic and imaginative sense. Two of these three plays are to appear in a forthcoming volume by Mr. Yeats which the Macmillan Company will publish in the autumn. A most unexpected amount of interest has been shown in the first play by Mr. Yeats, "Where There Is Nothing," which appeared a few weeks ago. The attention paid to it has been out of all proportion to that usually paid in this country to dramatic publications of any kind. The Society of Masquers of London, the object of which is to give performances of plays, masques, ballets and ceremonies, and "to produce only such works as convey a sentiment of beauty," is to present some of Mr. Yeats' plays, also others by Marlowe, Congreve, Sophocles, Ibsen and Maeterlinck.

The United States Department of Agriculture is making experiments for the purpose of determining the extreme vitality of seeds. Over a hundred species of plants have been packed in a soil consisting of dry clay enclosed in pots, and buried at varying depths underground—eight sets at a depth of six inches, twelve at a depth of twenty, and a third set of twelve at a depth of three and a half feet. At the end of one, two, three, five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty-five, thirty, forty, and fifty years a set from each depth will be exhumed and tested. The results of the experiment are likely to be of extraordinary value to agriculturists both commercially and scientifically. Incidentally it may be recalled that authentic cases are on record which prove that certain seeds have the power of sprouting after having been buried for long periods of time, reliable tests having shown that twelve out of twenty-one species have the power of germinating after twenty years.—Harper's Weekly.

"Child Labor in the South."

One cannot but marvel at the injustices and cruelties that are perpetrated from time to time upon those whose condition in life is such they easily fall a prey to those more fortunately environed. And thus seeing and knowing, one longs for the wisdom and power that shall lead to the related task of consecrating hearts, and live toward the consummation of the petition: "May thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." And whatever the hereafter may hold, we are bound to improve conditions here much as in us lies. This, to my understanding, is the Christianity the Master himself taught.

Then should this child slavery, so lately revealed to us, but so prevalent throughout the broad domain of this country, notably in the East, Middle West and the South, claim our prayers and our best endeavors. If "the problem of the children is the problem of the state," as has been so often declared, from Plato's time to the present, it behooves the men, and no less the women of the nation to see to it that conditions as they exist today be ameliorated, and that without delay.

From statistics I have been able to gather, it seems there are at the present time about 800 cottton mills in the South, distributed chiefly among the states of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama; in which 20,000 children from 5 years of age upward, are toiling out their lives under the most depressing and debasing conditions; before which the African slavery of the past pales into insignificance.

It is hard getting at *facts*, as there is much conflict of opinion, but according to the testimony of Jane Addams, who made personal investigation, and others equally reliable, the situation is appalling. Says Miss Addams: "In South Carolina I found a child of 5 years working at night in one of the fine new mills. Only a few weeks ago I stood at 10:30 at night, in a mill in Columbia, S. C., controlled and owned by northern capital, where children who did not know their own ages were working from 6 o'clock p. m., to 6 o'clock a. m., without a moment for rest or food, or a single cessation of the maddening rack of the machinery in an atmosphere unsanitary and clouded with humidity and lint." And further on in her report she declares, "The physical, mental and moral effect of these long hours of toil and confinement is indescribably bad." They were so stunted that the foreman declared it was hard to judge their ages; a horrible form of dropsy developed in a short time, and 10 per cent. contract consumption within 5 years, from the lint which forms in their lungs a cultivating medium for tuberculosis. She also found that many children had lost fingers and thumbs; that one doctor had personally amputated more than 100 babies' fingers; that a cotton merchant in Atlanta, Ga., told her he had frequently seen mill children without fingers or thumb, and sometimes without the whole hand; that no mill children looked healthy, but are characterized by extreme pallor and an aged, worn expression, infinitely pitiful and incongruous in a child's face."

Says another eye-witness: "I know the sweat shops of Hester street, New York; I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the Whitechapel district; I have visited the Ghetto of Venice; I know somewhat of Siberian atrocities; but for misery, woe and hopeless suffering, I have never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina. This in my own America—the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Boys and girls of 6 years up to 11 and 12 work 13 hours in some of these mills. Others work in relays, from 6 o'clock a. m. to 6 o'clock p. m., and worse still, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., with one-half hour for lunch. Little girls wear one garment only—linsey-woolsey.

Their lunch, consisting of corn bread and bacon, is eaten on the floor, where afterward they fall asleep, to be awakened by water dashed in their faces or by the rough kicks of the foreman.

At this task, they toddle twenty feet back and forth, back and forth in weary rhythm, watching with dull eyes and weazened faces to catch and mend the broken threads as they flow from the busy spindles. "How long does strength endure?" inquired one of a mill doctor. "Oh, sometimes but a few months. Never or very seldom, over four years, the average life is about *two* years." And when asked how their places were supplied, he answered that there was "plenty more to take their places," an assurance that should fill every mother heart in this country with burning indignation. We shudder at the thought of the Chinese casting their baby girls upon the ashheap to die, and well we may, but is not that *merciful* compared with the lot of these little toilers? Alas! that they must live *months* through such prolonged misery.

Next to Massachusetts, South Carolina manufactures more cotton cloth than any other state in the Union, most of the mills being owned and operated by New England capitalists, many of them having been removed from Massachusetts to South Carolina ostensibly to be near the raw material; *really* because of the laxity of laws bearing upon child labor in the latter state. A mill in New England with a pay roll of $6,000 per week can be operated in the South for $4,000, thus making a clean gain of $104,000 a year; and for this unholy gain New England capitalists are willing to "slaughter the innocents," Herod-like, not once but *all* the time, and by wholesale since there are "plenty more to fill their places." Could cupidity and greed go farther? A sad reflection upon that section that has done so much in the past for human liberty. *These,* conscience bids me declare, are the *real* anarchists of the country—these and such as they—cruel, grasping, conscienceless subverters of the *higher* law, whatever may be said of their legal status.

The age limit for child labor in Massachusetts is 14 years, in North and South Carolina 12, and in Alabama, 10 years. A bill brought before the legislature of the latter state, asking that the limit be raised to 12 years, has just been defeated, as well as similar bills in Georgia and South Carolina. No regard, however, has been paid hitherto to age limit, but children of *all* ages, often through the avarice, laziness or general shiftlessness of the fathers, are driven to these unnatural hardships. But the South—as well as at the North and East—is waking up to the importance of the subject, and I rejoice to say that many of the ablest and most influential journals of the South are entering strong protests against a system which is bringing that section into such disrepute. It is reassuring that such authoritative papers as the *Times Democrat* and *Picayune* of New Orleans are coming to the rescue, the former of which declares that every dollar so earned is "blood money." These, however, are by no means all who have been led to see the handwriting upon the wall. An ex-overseer of South Carolina writes to *"The Textile World,"* of Boston, that "the conditions of child labor in Southern cotton mills are about as bad as they can be."

Only the organs of the manufacturers stand out boldly and uncompromisingly for child labor, and yet *they* acknowledge the increase of the evil, but seek to palliate it by striving to prove its necessity. "Competion demands," or, "bad as are conditions, they are better off in the mills than in their native habitats." It should be mentioned here that there are few foreign-born workers in the mills, but that they come mainly from mountain districts and laziness is one of their chief qualifications, consequently they are not averse to being supported by their wives and children! and, according to the opinion of one Dr. Stiles, laziness being a germ disease, the surest method of eliminating it is to place the children as early as possible in the mills. But as the process serves to exterminate the children, it seems much like the ancient method of curing witchcraft.

Alabama has recently sent out a commission to investigate matters relative to the various mills which reported that, while wages had been decreasing, child workers had been rapidly increasing, and that 9 cents per day, for 12 hours work, is the sum actually paid in some places; that the average wage of the child in South Carolina has decreased from 32 cents to 29 cents per day.

In the last twenty years, it is said, the number of mills in New England has fallen from 18,000 to 11,000; in the Middle States from 6,000 to 4,300; in the West from 500 to 300; while in the South the number has risen from 4,000 to 25,000. That there are only 300 children in *cotton* mills in the West by no means augurs exemption from this stain upon our civilization, since soap, box, candy, and other factories and establishments innumerable swarm with these mites of humanity in Chicago, Cincinnati, and other Western cities, where the most strenuous efforts are now being made for the passage and enforcement of better laws in behalf of little children. I have also noticed within the past week that a bill has been introduced into our own legislature with the same object in view, and none too soon, according to Rev. H. H. Jacobs, of Milwaukee, who avers there are 7,000 children working under the age limit in Wisconsin. But in the absence of any sort of economic statistics in our book stores or at the public library, these, of course, cannot be verified; nor is it my purpose to do so, my theme being confined entirely to the South, but incidentally it may be well to call attention to the fact that the evil seems to be widespread and is on the increase. We may well consider, too, that the whirligig of time brings strange transmutations, and in the not far distant future your own children's children may fall beneath the wheels of this commercial Juggernaut, unless its cruel rush is stayed.

But the signs of awakening are propitious, and never since the old days of abolition has there seemed to be such a general stirring up among the people and the press of sections most interested as at the present time. And although Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina have rejected, through their legislatures this winter, bills providing amelioration for these wrongs, the leaven is at work and must ere long produce beneficial results. The cry that rings out over our fair land that from one-tenth to one-fifth of the total number of cotton operatives are mere children; that they work from 11 to 12 hours per day; that they are paid from 5 or 6 cents to 50 cents per day, the latter sum to boys from 14 to 18 years; that the children's work is grinding and nerve-racking; that the constant buzz of whirling wheels, high temperature, vitiated air—conditions inseparable from cotton mills—all these woful causes destroying all that is the rightful heritage of childhood, and that last and by no means least effect—destroying the capacity to realize the monstrous infirmities brought upon them—destitute of even a knowledge of a. b. c's, and after a year in the mill, robbed of the capacity to learn, is enough to make the angels weep. It is a well known law in the natural world that any faculty or organ unused becomes atrophied; and it is because of all this that we must denounce these commercial vampires as destroyers of the state. It is said the vast Roman Empire fell for lack of men, and dare anyone predict that children thus robbed of their youthful heritage can ever rise to the true stature of manhood and womanhood? To right these wrongs, therefore,

is the business of the Nation. We sympathize with the miner in his struggles for justice, and *rightly*—but the greatest industrial slavery today is found where puny children are yielding up their lives to those who would roll up their dividends into millions, and create for themselves palaces, while their victims share their miserable quarters with the pigs. Ah, better that one of their own looms be tied about their necks, and they be cast into the depths of the sea, than that they should have so wronged *one* of these little ones.

Says the Fairfax, S. C., *"Enterprise:"* "Since I have found out the condition of the children who work in the mills I no longer desire to have a cotton factory at Fairfax. I have seen those poor little pallid faces, those hopeless eyes, those pinched foreheads, where I could fancy the brains withering and drying up under the horrible monotony and sickening atmosphere. This curse of child labor counterbalances every advantage brought by the mills. It means the dying out of our native stock in South Carolina and the demoralization of the fathers and mothers of these little ones." Such protests *must* have weight notwithstanding the reactionary course of these recent legislators, for the discovery of an evil and the agitation that follows in its wake is one step taken toward its abolishment. To know of an injustice is but the prelude to nobler issues. And with single-hearted, vehement, *fiery* protest, the noblest and best people in our beloved country wheel into line and demand justice—fair, even-handed *justice,* with which to be in league is to lie at the feet of the *Infinite,* and through this loyalty the crooked places *shall* be made straight and humanity be lifted to its legitimate plane. This, indeed, is the cement that binds the human heart to God. Thus do I plead for human rights *everywhere;* for the weak and unfortunate especially, and for the little children above all, in the name of Him who said: *"Suffer* the little children to come unto me and forbid them not. And inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

We know the human heart is tender at the core, for manifold are its manifestations. Shiploads of provisions sent to starving India; the whole known world shaken to its foundations through the infamy and treachery hurled at the defenseless Jew; $2,000,000 sent to resuscitate the stricken city of Galveston; prompt and efficient aid given to the sufferers of Martinique; $78,000 raised without murmur by the Methodist churches alone of Albany, N. Y., in aid of the needy ones of the Southland,—all these attest the mighty current of human beneficence when at high tide. Then let us beware lest we be too pessimistic. Deploring the present may we still look forward to the potencies and possibilities of this new century with joyful hopefulness, forgetting not that the silent forces of Nature are at work, and that the *great* forces are those which are silent. Oh, that we might all hope and feel together! We believe in wireless telegraphy and yet dream not of the power and potency of united thought; of concentrated, earnest prayer, whereby we may grasp with uplifted heart the firm belief that justice is at the center of all things and God is in his heavens; that "the star that shone in Bethlehem shines still, and shall not cease." And whatever ills may befall adult humanity, the edict has gone forth that the children of the Nation shall be redeemed from bondage, and that by and through this means the evolution of the race is assured, bringing us face to face with loftier ideals and more humane methods, till at last the "lion shall indeed lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them." CHARLOTTE MILLS GALLETLY.

Janesville, Wisconsin.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

One of the best books that has been laid on the Table for some time is "The Social Life in the Early Republic," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, published by J. P. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wharton has made it her task to collect that sort of data which underlies history, and she has done it in a remarkably interesting manner, in some half dozen volumes. Among these are, "Through Colonial Doorways," "Colonial Days and Dames," "Salons, Colonial and Republican," and "A Last Century Maid." The present volume gives us a brilliant picture of the social life of the leading cities just after the Republic was established. It shows the simplicity of the people and the entering wedge of aristocracy. There are a few instances in the book where the author fails in making a thorough study of the political bearing of the material in hand. Social life is constantly going through distinctive stages of evolution. To picture these well demands rare qualities, which Mrs. Wharton admirably possesses.

Another book from Israel Zangwill comes from the Funk & Wagnalls Co. This time it is a book of poems. The contents are very uneven but sometimes rise to a height that would class the author with Emerson. I think those who read poetry at all will really find this volume of decided interest. Mr. Zangwill is one of the strangest and one of the strongest characters now in literature. Why he should call his book "Blind Children" I cannot understand, except that on page 12 we find a poem with this title. It is a poem that might well name a volume, but why is it not on the initial page?

I have from J. B. Lippincott & Co. another really good novel, "Adam Rush," by Lynn Roby Meekins. This book is one more that may be classed in the new country life series. It is healthy, vibrant, joyous and clean. But what I specially note is that it is keyed to that new moral purposing which begins to be felt in our best novel literature. We have got about through with divorce cases and disrupted home life, errant wives and husband rakes; and I think we are through with anatomical novels. A glorious new day is before us, I am sure. The volume now in hand grows in interest to the end. Its characters include three or four of sterling quality. I do not know where we shall find the equal of Mr. Salt for homely, every-day wit, or of Adam Rush himself for manly integrity. The two girls who are drawn are perfect in their way; one as an example of the intellectual leader, and the other of the strong-willed lover. There is a superb spirit of faith in the divine light and leading that moves through the whole book. Constance says to Adam in the critical hour of his life: "With father there is an intellectual balance, which he calls philosophy. I do not dispute its value, but somehow it does not satisfy my ideal. With me everything points to God. I believe that in everything we do he expects us to do service for him. You said just now that Mr. Bradson had done the devil's work. Now you must do God's work. You must look to him in every word you say, in every move you make. O, my friend, believe me there is no help like that. Somehow I know that what I have said and feel will come to you. It must come before you are through with the case; and when it does come all the lawyers on earth cannot hurt or halt you." If this sort of advice could be given to young lawyers more frequently, it would make them more successful pleaders, as well as more successful men.

E. P. P.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER III.

Memory Gem.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land."—Scott.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That we love our country because of what it has had to suffer.

II. That love of country means not only being willing to die for it, but also living for one's country.

III. That by living for our country, we are not necessarily to neglect our own lives or the duties to ourselves and our families, but that we are also to render public service for our country.

IV. That we have described this service to our country by the beautiful word "loyalty."

V. That being loyal to the flag or to the Stars and Stripes implies doing public service for our country, where it is possible, even where there may be no special honor in it or reward for it.

VI. That love of country implies commemorating the great events of our country's history, keeping alive in memory what the forefathers of our country have done for us.

Duties Pertaining to Love of Country.

I. We ought to live for our country, as well as be ready to die for our country.

II. We ought to know the history of our country, because of our love for our country.

Poem.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks you cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye, who breast the mountain-storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

Few, few were they, whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that good and broadly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be!

—*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

Classic for Recitation.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—The Gettysburg Address, Abraham Lincoln.

Story: Lincoln at Gettysburg.

I am sure that you all know a great deal about Abraham Lincoln. We are not going to tell you the story of his life over again, when everybody has read about him nowadays. But in the lives of great men there are always certain events or more interest than others. I do not suppose that we should each choose out just the same event as the most striking one in any man's life. I want, however, to speak of one special occurrence in Lincoln's career, that in certain ways comes closest to my heart.

We are always moved when anything great is done in a simple way. Lincoln was a plain man, simple and unpretentious in his habits, as you know. He never had anything of what we should call style about him. But the man's *heart* was right, and I suppose it was for that reason people loved him. It seems a little odd that we should talk more of him nowadays than any of the other leaders in the Civil War. Men who win battles make a great name for themselves, so that the individuals whose names come down in history from the earliest times *usually* were soldiers, leaders in war. And yet it so happens that the one man's name which stands out more conspiciously than all others during the time of civil strife in our national history, was not a soldier at all.

Few of us nowadays, I fancy, have much of an idea what Lincoln himself had to go through in those days. We think of him as if he had been loved by all the people in Washington where he was the President; whereas it is known that even among those fighting on his side he was oftentimes hated. Some people believed that the war might be carried on better if he had not been there as President.

I suppose you know what battle was looked upon as the turning point of the Civil War. It was known as the Battle of Gettysburg. Up to that time it had seemed very discouraging for the North, as if our country might be torn in pieces, as if the South might win, as if there would never be again a complete national life in the United States of America. All this while Lincoln had to bear the brunt of harsh fault-finding over mistakes for which he was not to blame. But at last came this great victory for the North at the battle of Gettysburg.

Then the tide turned, as we say, and it was practically sure that the North would triumph and the unity of the nation be restored. After that battle, it was only a question of time how long it would take in order to bring the war to an end and achieve a complete triumph, so that there should be once more a real United States of America.

After great battles are over we usually think of them as a matter of history, and if the victory has been on our side we like to read about them, talk them over, and we exult in the glory of the victory. It comes rather hard for us to see the dark side of battles in war, to think of all the pain and suffering, of the wounded and dying men, of the homes which are broken up, of the fathers and mothers who lost their sons, of the wives who lost their husbands, of the fatherless children, of the aching hearts in these broken homes where sorrow and pain has come because of cruel war. And all this had come in that great battle of Gettysburg. Thousands of men lay wounded and dying there on the field of battle, and the earth was strewn with the unnamed dead.

And, as you know, after the battle was over, the ground

near by was bought and made a national cemetery, and there they laid away the bodies of those who had died.

It is in connection with this burial of the dead after the battle of Gettysburg that I am telling you something about Abraham Lincoln. The nation was to hold a memorial service there, and great men from all over the land were to assemble in honor of those who had died there and were buried in that vast cemetery. There was to be solemn music, speeches by great men, tributes of honor to those who were on earth no more, and who had died in their country's cause.

I suppose there must have been a vast throng of people. It was to be a great event in our nation's history, and men were to speak their best thoughts, pour forth their deepest feelings by way of a lasting memorial on that day.

A long and noble address was made by one of the greatest orators who has ever lived, a man whose voice was like music, whose thoughts were profound, whose language was beautiful as chiseled marble. And I am sure that this man, whose name was Edward Everett, wanted to say something that should be remembered forever. Down in his heart, I fancy, he cared not only to speak glowing words of tribute for those who had died there, but he wanted that people should think of *him* as the one who had said those words. We cannot blame him for this; it was an honorable desire. He, too, loved his country in the very depths of his heart, and I am sure he wished to offer up the best he had in memory of these martyred heroes.

He paid his tribute in a long and beautiful speech. And it was nobly done, although I shall have to confess that I have never read the words, and doubt whether many people nowadays know what they were.

After he had made his grand speech or memorial address, Lincoln stepped forward to add a few words of tribute. It was no speech at all, nothing of what we should call a memorial address. He had not prepared anything with elaborate care; he seemed not to have thought about himself at all. His whole heart and being had gone out in gladness over that victory and in gratitude to those who had died bravely there for their country's sake. But I should like to tell you what he said at that time, and ask you to listen quietly and solemnly to the words, as I read them to you.

How do you account for it that nowadays we all know of these few simple words on the part of Lincoln, and have lost sight of the grand, noble speech by Edward Everett. It is said that even at that moment when Lincoln ended and sat down, Edward Everett remarked then and there that he would rather have spoken those words than the whole long address which he himself had just delivered. And the feeling on his part has been the feeling on the part of the world ever since. That short speech by Lincoln belongs to the world's greatest speeches. It will be what we call a classic as long as the world endures. It is doubtful whether anything ever spoken by any statesman or orator in this country will be remembered longer than that short speech by Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg.

Do you see now why I care to tell you of this one event in the life of Abraham Lincoln, and why it interests me in a certain way more than anything else in that man's whole life? It is not the shortness of the speech, nor the words he used, nor the style of it, nor the form of it, exactly. It is the utter forgetfulness of himself on the part of Lincoln, that makes us admire it so much. Somehow we feel sure that it had never crossed his mind whether he was going to say something which would be connected with his name as long as the world endured. He just spoke what was on his heart as if it were not he who was saying it at all. And I fancy that at that moment the vast throng there forgot the presence of Lincoln in the thought of the brave, heroic dead whom Lincoln was aiming to commemorate in those touching words. It would look as if the greatest events in a man's life are those when he does not *plan* to do something great, but where he just loses himself in the thought of a cause. I want to ask you to be sure to commit to memory this short speech by Lincoln at Gettysburg. It is worth your while to know these words by heart, and if you learn them and remember them, it will be a way on your part of showing that you too love your country.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER: This lesson will give the teacher an opportunity to make the pupils understand better why they should study the history of their country. Have them appreciate that it is not the same as studying the histories of other countries, or as studying natural science. Make them feel that being loyal to their country itself should imply a desire to know about its history. Just as true affection would lead them to act in that way toward individuals, so it ought to lead them to act in that way toward their country. This may give a new significance to the young as to the importance of the study of the history of their country, and why they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 374.)

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Summer School.

Tower Hill is fresh again with leafly greenness, and its summer population have found their way back to its restful shades. The material changes have been much the same as every season brings. Little pines have everywhere lifted their heads with a year's growth. The young cottonwoods above Pine Knob are perceptibly nearer the splendid maximum of treehood, while Pine Knob itself, apparently unchanged, gives out serenity and health with every resinous breath. In early July the river, swollen with heavy rains, filled its banks with a magnificent sweep of water, but now the shores are rising, and the familiar sand bars have reappeared. The new white-and-green cottage is poised airily among the treetops under the Great Juniper, and the recently acquired farm at the base of the hill imparts a comfortable sense of correspondence with the every-day working world. The serene tinkling of a cowbell and the not-serene but triumphant though irresponsible announcement of the bantam hen who, with her mate, thrives off the parson's bounty and with him receives more than their *pro rata* share of the parochial visits and attentions, add a sense of domesticity dear to the home-loving heart.

The progress of the summer school as announced in UNITY has thus far been carried out with little variation. The opening Sunday, July 19, called hill and valley dwellers together to listen to addresses by Thomas Lloyd Jones, principal of the Menominee, Wisconsin, High School, the incoming president of the school; Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, of Chicago, and Rev. Mary Andrews, pastor of the Universalist Church of Kansas City. The last two also conducted the services on Sunday, the 26th. At both these meetings the keynote struck was the harmony of the simple life on the Hill with the best life of the spirit and the value of this attempt at co-operation on high lines between residents of city and country.

As is the custom on the Hill, Vesper readings have been given every Sunday evening. One evening it was "A Poet's Hope," by William Ellery Channing, and the little poem of Thoreau's which made the frontispiece to the UNITY of July 23. Another evening we climbed Monadnock with Emerson, and a third it was a study of Browning's "The Boy and the Angel," with one or two shorter poems. These readings have been not only or mainly a search for the best in literature, but for the highest inspirations to climb by and live by—though perhaps the two are one.

Coming to our studies in science, we and the birds miss Doctor Libby sadly. But we have had a week of local geology with Thomas Lloyd Jones, a quest which left us, if we brought our minds along, with an intelligent idea of the growth of the soil we walk on at Tower Hill and its neighborhood and of the formation and history of the rocks under our feet. And, building on this foundation, with Miss Rosalia Hatherell, teacher of science in the Hillside Home School, we have spent a week with the ferns, mosses, and fungi of the neighborhood, with golden-rod and a few wild sunflowers thrown in for color.

Twenty-one ferns, native to this locality, were shown us. Last year we made familiar friends of a dozen or more of these graceful wild things, and the renewal of these acquaintances has made life better worth living for some of us. A flora of the neighborhood is being worked out and a reference herbarium made in the hope that we may somehow, sometime, come into a more adequate sense of the treasures that we walk among or tread under our feet.

We have had two weeks of half-hour lessons daily, given by Mr. Jones (Jenkin Lloyd), in the history of religion from the Reformation down, following the course in the "Flowering of Christianity," as given last year in the Sunday school of All Souls Church.

In literature, with the same leader, we have had a week of readings in Browning's "Ring and the Book," and another week in Ferishtah's "Fancies" and "Asolando." We have also had two lectures on Emerson by Mr. Jones and a stereopticon exhibit of men and women of Concord and their homes and haunts. But the height of interest has been reached in the reading by the leader of Emerson's poems in order not provided for in the program but tucked in by common consent whenever and wherever a stray hour could be laid hold of. These poems are often called obscure. It is wonderful how much a little information often adds to one's appreciation of them or how slight a clue is often needed to bring out a world of beauty and wisdom. It is the testimony of more than one that to have added a single one of these poems to our thought fields has been worth many times the hour required. We hope to read them all before the summer is ended. E. H. W.

Foreign Notes.

POPULAR LECTURE ASSOCIATIONS IN GERMANY.—For the following notes we are indebted to Rev. Wilhelm Gamper, a liberal Dresden pastor and long-time reader of UNITY. Pastor Gamper has been an invalid for many months. From his enforced exile in a Swiss mountain health resort, he sends, as "sign of life," the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* account of a recent conference of the Federation of the popular lecture and general culture associations of the Rhine-Main region.

This conference was especially interesting from its socio-political treatment of the question of popular culture. From a report by Prof. Dr. Mannheimer, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, it appears that the conception of popular culture as a question of the participation of all classes of the people in all the domains of intellectual culture, is steadily gaining ground. This is shown in the efforts of the Federation to promote not lectures only, but the establishment of popular libraries and reading-rooms, with lectures in connection, as well as an interest in the presentations of the plastic arts, the stage, and the means of intellectual enjoyment in general.

Particularly noteworthy is the effort at federation headquarters for a federation theater; an effort whose realization is likely to be long delayed for lack of means. Another notable project is the establishment of a library at Offenbach, which may serve as a model for many cities of moderate size. This library is to form the basis of a popular library and a city library as well, which will provide the most important scientific works for such as have professional need of these publications. A local committee is co-operating with the communal administration in the effort for its establishment.

Very significant were the utterances of individual workingmen as to the socio-political importance of culture for the working class. One member expressed himself to the effect that the workers must combine with the economic motive a universal, ideal one so that the unavoidable economic struggle may be refined and the economically weaker be uplifted. "The labor organizations," he continued, in a deliberate and warmly applauded address, "rest on an economic basis. For this reason the main task for them is the securing of better wage and labor conditions. Starting from this motive, they have added to their program, as one of their most important objects, the elevation of the level of culture among their members, and every close observer knows that they are in earnest about it. They establish libraries, arrange for lectures at their meetings, etc. But does this exhaust the whole subject of improvement? For the labor organizations as such yes, in a broader sense no. All that the organizations undertake in this direction tends to, and must end in, the drawing nearer of their special aim (a most necessary one). In the first place, the masses won over to the organization must be made available for its purposes by seeing that the workman becomes familiar with his rights and his duties, acquires the necessary knowledge of all the questions and laws involved in industrial affairs (protection of the workman, trade regulation, etc.) and so becomes qualified for co-operation in the building up of the union. With this the problem of culture to be acquired through the organization ends; not so, however, the problem of culture in general, the universal, ideal problem. This task the labor unions as such cannot fulfill. Divisions would arise, and without the help of qualified scholars it is impossible to master the rich domain of knowledge at all points. Not all workmen are organized, but it would be rash to assume that all unorganized workers are utterly indifferent. Could it be made possible to arouse in the great mass of the people a sense of their need of culture and a thirst for knowledge, a tremendous work would be accomplished, for the higher the cultural level of the mass of the people, the more refined and dignified must the economic and political struggle become, and that is already a great advantage. Taken all in all, the labor unions can, without abating one iota of their efforts or their views, give powerful co-operation in the common interest.

Another interesting topic of discussion was that of relation to the Association of German High School Teachers for National High School Courses. City Councillor, Dr. Flesch, laid down the following principles: 1. Organizations which wish to secure the interest of the whole people in art and science, especially from socio-political standpoints, cannot do without the assistance of organizations which seek to promote the comprehension and participation of broad classes of the population in some single domain, whether art or science. 2. Social undertakings need for their development a broad basis, making possible the personal contact of different classes, and a corresponding organization, which is not absolutely demanded for more specialized efforts. 3. The co-operation of both kinds of effort is necessary. Then the determination of the method and degree of those which can be carried on under given local conditions in the different fields of art and science, would be left to social; the carrying out of the work within that particular field, to specialized effort. 4. The bringing about of a mutual expression of views on the part of all organizations aiming at increased participation of the proletariat in art and science, seems desirable.

Prof. Fuchs, of Freiburg, who belongs to the Association for popular high school courses, and who attended the sessions of this conference as a guest, would have the universities given the leading place in this movement. This gave rise to a debate as to how far university professors are in a position to lead any considerable circles of the people directly to higher culture. One teacher remarked that the movement and its leadership must keep ground under their feet. The co-operation of the universities would be most warmly greeted, but must depend on the needs and the receptivity of those strata of the people for whom this cultural effort was intended.

Discussion of the common schools as fitting for the comprehension of lectures followed, and gave occasion for the working-men to still further define their position. Improvement of the common schools; a directing body to work out practically the whole subject of popular pedagogics; a center in each country or for the empire; and the importance of the diffusion of a knowledge of natural science, doing away with the traditional and erroneous conceptions of the world still taught in the schools, were among the demands, or suggestions, made by different speakers.

The opening of museums was another topic. Two great charts were displayed, showing graphically the relative accessibility of European museums. In his explanatory remarks, the exhibitor made the point that all goods may be divided into two classes, those which are used up in enjoying them and those which are not. Among the latter the products of the plastic arts hold a foremost place; for this very reason there is an economic loss if the effort be not made to make them a means of the utmost possible enjoyment to the largest possible number. Many works of art formerly accessible to all in churches, or other public buildings, are now, as a result of historic events, or for the purpose of preserving them, shut up in museums. It is important, therefore, to see that they are preserved indeed, for all, but not withdrawn from them.

Libraries, reading-rooms, popular concerts and choruses, peoples' conferences at the Palm Garden, were other means of culture discussed. But the most important feature of the conference was the strong expression given to the need of a union of all those factors which may influence the participation of the people of little or no means in cultural possessions.

M. E. H.

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should keep it up all their lives if they are going to be true citizens and show a true loyalty. In connection with the story attached to this lesson it might be well to have at hand a large portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Then at a certain point in the narrative, draw aside the drapery without saying anything, and read the words of the speech given at beginning of lesson. This short speech should be committed to memory by every member of the class.

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